Numb. 2.

The TORY TATLER.

From *Monday November* 27. to *Wedneſday November* 29. 1710.

MY Intention in Publiſhing this Paper is to expoſe Vice, Folly and Affectation in all their different Shapes and Diſguiſes, and to recommend Vertue, good Manners, and Simplicity of Life.

If in doing this I can at once divert and inſtruct my Countrymen, one great End of my Undertaking is anſwer'd; and if I can get Money into the Bargain, I ſhall be richly conſcious of having ſpent my Time well.

So Publick Spirited a Perſon am I, that in conſulting the Good of the Community, I ſhall not even exclude my ſelf; and to the End the Advantages ariſing from my Labours may be ſtill more extenſive and Univerſal, I am willing to add one to the Number of thoſe who ſhall be the better for them.

You are therefore deſired after that Number of Papers (which I ſhall give rather as a Specimen of my Generoſity than my Wit) to purchaſe the reſt at the Price of one Penny each, which ſhall be faithfully apply'd to the Uſes for which it is deſign'd, to witt, the buying the beſt Claret, Beef and Pudding in the Kingdom, for the more due Support of one of Her Majeſty's moſt Dutiful and Loyal Subjects.

The Days of Publication ſhall be Mondays, Wedneſdays *and* Fridays, *there being then the greateſt Scarcity of publick Prints, which reduces many honeſt and well meaning People to the diſmal Neceſſity of having Recourſe to their own Heads for Thought, and lays the leſs inventive Part of Mankind in a State of Indolence and Supineneſs.*

And leſt the Retailers of Tea and Coffee in Great Britain, *who are no leſs Free born Citizens than my ſelf, ſhould take Umbrage hereat, and think it great Injuſtice, that, notwithſtanding the ordinary Taxes, every Scribler ſhould have it in his Power to* Tattle *them into an additional Expence of three Pence a Week; I ſolemnly declare and promiſe that all ſuch as can make it appear, that their Breaking is owing to the Encouragement given to this Paper, ſhall be put into good Buſineſs again by the Company of Stationers,* which is an Advantage that has not hitherto been offer'd by any of my Contemporaries.

To ſum up my whole Deſign in a Word, nothing inconſiſtent with Honour, good Manners or Loyalty ſhall be by me mentioned; Vices ſhall be Condemned, but Perſons not Arraigned; no Lady ſhall have the Satisfaction of ſeeing others or her ſelf Lampoon'd *by me, no Coxcomb the Pleaſure of being made known, even tho' to his Diſadvantage.*

The Title I have taken was choſe only as a Term of Diſtinction, and not with any Intention to enter into Party Diſputes: I ſhall acquieſce in the Wiſdom of my Superiors, and confine my Thoughts purely to Subjects of Pleaſantry, Humour and Morality.

It is a pleaſant Project, I confeſs, to hope to pleaſe without Scandal, or to attempt to oblige any without diſobliging more: Yet becauſe I would not be ſo intolerably ſingular as not to entertain a pretty good Opinion of my ſelf, I will venture to ſay what Mareſchal Villars *did heretofore to* Lewis *of* France: You ſhall be ſatisfied with the TORY TATLER—— *whoſe Motto and Character it ſhall be*

Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitijs.

From Young Man's *Coffee-Houſe Nov. the 28th.*

MEN of Gaiety and Pleaſure uſually reſort to this Houſe; Worthies of all ſorts, the Gay, the Valiant and the Wiſe, from the General to the Enſign, pay their Complements to *J——y M——n*, and ſtrive with Emulation for the Preference in her Favour: No Conqueror, but would gladly lay his Laurel down at her Feet, and exchange the Glories of Victory for the Honour of being in her Confidence: This is young Cupid's workhouſe, where he whets his Shafts and Arrows for Ladies Hearts; he well knows the waving Plume and Gaudy Saſh are Charms too ſtrong to be reſiſted by weak Woman, and that there is more Eloquence in a Soldier's Regalia than in all the Words of *Tully*: What enchanting Muſick do theſe Lines carry with them?

I'll go ſtorm and plunder,
Fight and Thunder,
Then at laſt I'll bring you under.

How inſipid and flat would *Fair Dorinda* ouſnd after this? or what Compariſon is there between *Conqueſt gains the Fair*: and *I was born of Royal Race*?

Great, Middling and Small Heroes, mature and infant Generals deſtin'd for the Scourge of Tyranny and Chaſtiſement of ill Manners exert themſelves here to the utmoſt Advantage, and bear in their Looks Deſtruction to ſuch as wou'd invade their *Queen's* or *Country's* Rights: I queſtion, whether *Lewis* the 14th. would have ventur'd to have engag'd in a War with Great *Brittain*, had theſe her *Scipios* and *Ceſars* been livelily repreſented by the Hand of ſome maſterly Painter.

The Characters of *Nireus* and *Achilles*, tho' directly oppoſite to each other, are yet Originals in their kinds: *Achilles* is the boldeſt of Warriors and moſt beautiful of *Brittains*; he carries his Men to an Attack as chearfully, as if he were only leading up a Dance; and meets Danger with the ſame Calmneſs and Familiarity as he would accoſt a Friend; his Behaviour is manly, his Con-

Converſation unaffected and Genteel: When Fame ſaid he fell at *Blaregnies*, what Eyes wept not? Or what Lady's Heart did not bleed with his Wounds? His late Promotion to the Government of the neighbouring Iſland *Albania*, occaſion'd much Joy here, and all approv'd *Gloriana's* Choice in this finiſh'd Captain and compleat Gentleman.

Nireus is a very ſlender Officer and the fineſt ſhap'd young Fellow for a Demi-God I ever ſaw: But an Enemy has not ſo much to fear from him as a Semſtreſs or Milliner; his Conqueſts lie chiefly among them, and he handles a Snuff-Box or Amber-Headed Cane with a much better Grace than a Sword or Spear: Nevertheleſs *Nireus* is a Man of nice Honour and thinks the Lye the moſt odious of all Evils. He has to Perfection the Art of enriching his Diſcourſe with abundance of elegant and ornamental Expletives, which ſome are ſo ill bred as to call by the coarſe Names of Oaths and Swearing: He apprehends I know not what fine Things under the Title of a Gentleman, and looks upon Honour and a ſcarlet Coat as inſeperable Companions.

From the Hague, *Nov.* 20th.

Letters from *Paris*, as my Correſpondent there writes me Word, import that the Joy the King expreſs'd upon his having ſettled the Tax of the tenth Penny, began ſenſibly to decreaſe, it being found, that the Fortunes of many of his Subjects were reduc'd to leſs than nine Pence, which will render that Fund very deficient, as alſo that the Duke of *Anjou* had put off his intended Journey to *France upon the Inſtance of the Prince of the Aſturias, but this meets with little Credit*, and the rather becauſe *it merits Confirmation.*

Advices from *Spain* ſay, that the true Cauſe of the *Portugueſe* Generals late Retreat was, becauſe the Spaniſh Air did not agree with his Maſter's Troops, which together with the Intelligence he receiv'd that the Marquis *de Bay* had ſent out a ſmall Detachment of Horſe to intercept his Army, made him think it ſafer to retire than extend his Conqueſts any further. It muſt be confeſs'd that the *Portugueſe* are the only *European* Nation, who have reviv'd the ancient Parthian way of Fighting, tho' with ſome ſmall difference; they began the Experement at *Almanza*, and have ſince improv'd it to very good Perfection. Other Letters adviſe that there has happen'd another Action to the Advantage of the Allies; and it is confidently reported, that the Duke de *Vendoſme* is either kill'd or alive, and if not taken, certainly run away; but time only will ſet theſe things in a clear Light. It is alſo diſcourſed that ſome Grandees appear very much diſſatisfy'd that King *Phillip* did not keep his Word, in returning with his Court *to* Madrid *at the time he had appointed, which ſhews how far the promiſes of the Houſe of* Bourbon *are to be rely'd on*; but that on the contrary the extraordinary zeal and fidelity of the Spaniards, to the Duke of *Anjou*, in publickly acknowledging and declaring for King *Charles* was never to be enough admir'd, and that the former of thoſe Princes wou'd certainly reward this their ſingular Obedience to their lawful Sovereign, whenever he ſhou'd have it in his Power.

Chancery-Lane.

On the late Thankſgiving Day in the Evening *Daniel Burgeſs* being array'd in all his Presbyterian *Pontificalibus*, to witt a green Cloak, a Broad Brimm'd Hat, a Wig in Buckle and a long Band, was with a great deal of ſad Ceremony convey'd to the upper Part of this Lane, where a Funeral Pile being beforehand erected, he was ſolemnly committed to the Flames, *Hiſce Oculis egomet vidi*: It was obſervable, that the Doctor during his Agony did not ſo much as utter one Groan, but ſuffer'd Martyrdom for Nonſenſe with Heroic Conſtancy, and periſh'd in his Cloak like *Hercules on Mount OETA* in his poiſon'd Garb: It was thought proper to publiſh this Account of his Death leaſt any Impoſter ſhould ariſe and uſurp his Name and Office, to the further Prejudice and Deluſion of the good People of *England*: But for my own Part, I muſt confeſs, I pitied the poor Man from my Soul, both on Account of my long Acquaintance with him, and the great Diverſion which he has formerly given me: I have heard of ſome Rope Dancers and Tumblers who have broke their Necks; but believe that this will be found upon Record the firſt Inſtance of any *Mountebank in a Tub*, that ever came to ſo unfortunate an End: There was one Paſſage I muſt not omit to mention; which ſomewhat ſoften'd this Tragedy, and render'd it in Part Comical; This was occaſion'd by a *Quaker*, who paſſing by in the midſt of this diſmal Scene interrupted the Proceſſion, by applying himſelf to the Doctor in the following Manner: *Verily, I ſay unto thee, Friend* Daniel, *that the Fury of the People has juſtly overtaken thee, inaſmuch as thy Cloak is a Cloak of Wickedneſs, and foraſmuch as thy Converſation hath been with the Ungodly.* Here I could not but admire the Doctor's merry Diſpoſition, who ſcarce forbore ſmiling, even at this Juncture, and ſeem'd as if he would have reply'd, had not the Fire prevented him.

From my own Appartment, Nov. 28.

Licinius had for a conſiderable time made his Addreſſes to *Celia*, who was a vertuous Gentlewoman and moderately portion'd; all things were agreed on both ſides, and the Wedding-day appointed: But *Licinius* hearing of *Corinna*, whoſe Fortune was reputed ſomewhat better, leaves his firſt Miſtreſs to go in Purſuit of a Second; He is Marryed, Bubbled and Jilted; his Lady proves not worth a Groat, and both by Character and Nature a Perſon of a very extended Qualification, having been kept ſucceſſively by three different Cullies: Has not *Licinius*'s Perfidy met with juſt Reward, and is not he as mercenary a Wretch, as *Corinna* a vile Jilt? Truly I think they are extraordinarily well Match'd, and *Celia* very agreeably diſappointed.

Sold by *John Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

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